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humanity in man, and makes the brute predominate. Impelled by this ferocious instinct, men have eaten their companions, and women have even eaten their own children. Hunger has thus a twofold character; beside the picture of the activities it inspires, we must also contemplate the picture of the ferocities it evokes."

Of Thirst Mr. Lewes says:

"During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material, but during absence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself.

"Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience."

MOUNTAINS AND PRAIRIES.

SOME hearts are like the prairies, and some are like the hills,
And one may nurse the torrent, and one the silent rills.
The mountain for the shadows, the prairie for the sun,
And hearts for love and blessing were fashioned every one.

The solemn hills look lonely, but climb, and there will be
A beckoning and a welcome from glen, and crag, and tree,
Where falling waters echo the murmur of the pine,
And winds from dell to cavern sweep harmonies divine.

Forever smil'd the prairie, one sunlit round of green,
With streams and pools reflecting all day the golden sheen.
When summer comes to drape her in robes of scented bloom,
The splendor and the sweetness for longing leave no room.

Sometimes the hills are frowning, yet peace is in their shade
Among the cool, bright mosses that in the sun would fade,
The rills are pure that trickle among the jagged rocks,
Where many a hidden blossom the bending azure mocks.

The prairie has no secret to veil from earth or sky;
In boundless waste of beauty her open treasures lie;
Her southwind's dreamy whisper breathes warm from side to side;

But from her black tornados there is no nook to hide.

There is a beauteous terror enshrined among the hills;
The joy of perfect sunshine the prairie's bosom fills;
Her overflow of bounty enriches every guest;—
But strength is in the mountains, and deep, mysterious rest.

LUOY LAROOM.

It is not uncommon for the understanding to grasp a great general truth, without a minute perception of its elements, or of the various principles which it involves. Certain truths, especially to intellects of a certain class, are like the New World when first discovered by Columbus, of which he could little dream the vastness or undeveloped capabilities.—*Chulow.*

GREAT men undertake great things, because these are truly great—fools, because they imagine them easy.—*Vauvenargues.*

THOMAS SEDDON.

We learn something about Art by a study of works of Art, perhaps more may be learned of it by a study of artists, lives. Among interesting biographies lately published is that of Thomas Seddon, who was considered to be an artist of the Pre-Raphaelite school in England. Whether he adopted this title himself, or whether it was bestowed upon him, we know not; sufficient for our purposes, he was born an artist, and loved the profession better than any other that presented itself to him during his short career on earth. The excellent memoir from which we make extracts below—such extracts as partially exhibit the different sides of his character—is prepared by a brother. Thomas Seddon was born on the 28th August, 1821:

At the age of six years and a half he was sent to the school of the Rev. Joseph Barron, at Epsom, which was afterwards removed to Stanmore, in Middlesex, and there he remained till about sixteen years of age. The school was conducted on the Pestalozzian system. As the studies of the boys were considerably varied, and their attention was directed to the natural sciences as well as to the classics and mathematics, his mind was allowed to find and follow to a great extent its natural bias. During the holidays it was his chief delight to collect shells, minerals, birds' eggs, and insects, and in search of such curiosities he would range over wide tracts of country. A taste for drawing was early indicated. He was seldom without a pencil in his hand, and the blank leaves of lesson-books, as well as every available scrap of paper, were covered with sketches of animals and caricatures of his schoolfellows. He was fond of books, and often gained places in his class by the opportune remembrance of facts which he had read in Plutarch's Lives, and other favorite authors. When any scene or incident had fired his imagination, he strove to embody it in a picture; and there still exist some few drawings illustrative of "Marmion," full of spirit, and showing considerable knowledge of the dress and armor of the period.

After leaving school, he entered his father's business. The occupation, however, was uncongenial. From a sense of duty, and from an affectionate desire to assist his father, he did his utmost to master its details; but he could never conquer a deep-seated disinclination. His leisure was devoted to drawing, and in the hope of at once gratifying this taste, and rendering it subservient to professional purposes, his father sent him, in 1841, to Paris, to study ornamental art. Here he made great proficiency as a draughtsman and designer, and, after a year's sojourn, returned, speaking the French language as fluently as his own. But from his residence in that gay and seductive capital he derived no other benefit. Amongst idle acquaintances, he contracted a taste for pleasure and dissipation, which unnerved his mind, and made it doubly difficult to concentrate his energies on any irksome calling. Happily, however, he brought back a large measure of his habitual conscientiousness, and was kept from entirely deserting his post by his anxiety to serve his father.

His conscientiousness prompted him to analyze his feelings and motives—perhaps to a morbid extent; for example, the following "memorandum":

"My father objects that I could never live on fifty pounds